6, when a female was seen at the "overflow," a dam on the Huron River near Ann Arbor. Other records are as follows: May 17, 1908, two seen; May 28, 1910, one seen; May 17 and September 20, 1912, one seen; May 8, 22, 23, 1913, one seen; May 25, 1918, one found dead on the University campus; September 14, 1918, one seen by A. D. Tinker. In September, 1919, Mr. Koelz found this species quite common near Alpena, Michigan; and the writer saw numbers of them along the Galien River in Berrien County the last week of May, 1918 and 1919.

Cistothorus stellaris. SHORT-BILLED MARSH WREN.—This is another species that has apparently extended its range northward in Michigan even to the south shore of Lake Superior. The writer found a colony in a wet marsh in Chippewa County in July, 1914. Local colonies occur about Ann Arbor, nesting in June in wet meadows, and more are being found each year.

Baeolopus bicolor. TUFTED TITMOUSE.—The writer's first record is October 7, 1878. On October 5, 1886, three were taken at Ann Arbor and a few have been noted at intervals since then as follows: January 1, 1898; October and December 1903, one seen by writer; March 24, 1907, one seen and a nest found by A. D. Tinker (Auk, Vol. XXV, pp. 322–323); observed January 2, 18, 26, 1916; Februrry 4, and March 17, 1917: October 6, and 21, 1918. It is fairly common in Berrien County in southern Michigan.

GENERAL NOTES

An Oil-Soaked Loon (Gavia immer) at Watch Hill, R. I.—While walking along the beach at Pleasant View on July 30, 1921, I noticed a large water bird leaving the surf and hobbling up to the dry sand of the beach. In progressing the legs were of little aid, being used laterally in pushing the bird forward; the wings arched down till they acted on the sand much as crutches would with a person. Even the bill was utilized in this strange method of propulsion. First impressions were of a wounded cormorant, duck or some such waterfowl, but as we drew near, I saw that it was an immature Loon. Before we could secure it, however, back it went into the water, and diving into the nearest breaker, rapidly swam out before reappearing. Something, however, was amiss. The Loon described a large semicircle before getting very far out and returned to the beach one hundred yards or so away. Running to the spot we intercepted the bird and managed to secure a neck-hold so as to carry it to my cottage. Greasy hands soon told the story—the Loon had fallen victim to the heavy black oil that is taking such toll of marine bird-life of late

years. The bird was saturated with the oil; not a feather appeared natural, but each one was plastered down so as to be useless. After losing the first symptoms of fright, the Loon endeavored to preen its oil-soaked plumage. My wife, meanwhile, came to the rescue with several applications of lard, followed by warm rinsings. This restored the plumage to a more natural condition, the back and neck losing the dirty, greasy appearance, while the underparts came out a beautiful white. Apparently, however, it was too late. The Loon steadily failed and became weaker each hour. Its whole system seemed to be saturated with oil and the intestines gave evidence of a violent reaction. Twice we carried the bird down to the water that day, hoping it might recover in more natural surroundings. After a preliminary dive, however, the Loon would turn back to shore utterly exhausted; the breakers would practically wash it to land. The great problem was that of feeding and all of this had to be done by compulsion. As the bird grew weaker it became tamer and would allow its back to be stroked, and other handling with no attempt at fighting such as it showed at first. When we scratched its neck or back, the Loon made a little crooning noise and plainly showed its pleasure. After the second day it grew worse and died. A Wilson's Petrel was subsequently picked up on the beach with feathers similarly oil-soaked.

The changing over of many former coaling steamships and the building of the prevailing oil-driven type does not augur well for off shore birds. Nothing short of a rigid federal law relative to the disposal of waste oil at sea can save multitudes of our seabirds from destruction.—Aaron C. Bagg, *Holyoke, Mass.*

Fish-catching by the Black Skimmer.—Having enjoyed the editor's privilege of reading Mr. Arthur's most interesting paper on the Black Skimmer which appears on the earlier pages of the present issue of 'The Auk,' some months before it was sent to the printer, I was naturally fully posted on the question at issue, and keen for any opportunity to watch the actions of the bird which might fall to my lot.

On July 17, 1921, while traversing the inland waterway some miles above Atlantic City, N. J., we encountered a few Skimmers one of which, skimming the surface in the ordinary way, passed between our motor boat and the black mud bank which loomed above the water at low tide marking the inner bank of the channel. The bird was not more than 35 feet distant and I caught and followed him with my binoculars. Just as he was opposite the boat he drove his bill into the water and seized a fish about three inches in length, holding it transversly between the mandibles, and flew off with it across the marsh. While this corroborates Mr. Arthur's statement as to the character of the Skimmer's food it demonstrates that it sometimes, though no doubt rarely, secures its food while skimming, a fact that had escaped his careful observation. I could think of no possible benefit to be derived by the bird from the unequal mandibles